CHILDREN OF SOUTH AMERICA

KATHARINE A. HODGE

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By Katharine A. Hodge

A MAPUCHÉ INDIAN MOTHER AND HER BABY

CHILDREN OF SOUTH AMERICA

BY

KATHARINE A. HODGE

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

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INTRODUCTION

By the Rev. Alan Ewbank

Secretary of the South American Missionary Society

I have read through with great interest the manuscript of this little book, and can say of those parts of South America which it has been my privilege to visit that Mrs Hodge writes as one who has personal knowledge of the various mission stations. I trust that her words will not only reach the children, but also all who love children, that what little is being done to make their lot brighter may be strengthened, and much more undertaken, so that where now there are superstition and darkness there may be knowledge and light.

For the natural world, God said: "Let there be light, and there *was* light."

For the spiritual world, Jesus said: "I am

the Light"; and because He meant to work through us, He also said: "YE are the light of the world. . . . Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

November 1915

FOREWORD

My dear Young Friends,

This little book has been written expressly for you, to whom South America is an entirely new field. On this account I feel it is necessary to devote Chapter I. to the continent itself before proceeding to acquaint you with its youthful inhabitants.

I tender my grateful thanks to the South American Missionary Society, the Evangelical Union of South America, the Inland-South America Missionary Union, and the Bolivian Indian Mission for the help their publications have afforded me in trying to place before you something of the sorrows and intense need of South American childhood.

Yours, for South America,

(Mrs) KATHARINE A. HODGE

November 1915

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CHILDREN OF SOUTH AMERICA

CHAPTER I

A PEEP AT THE CONTINENT

South America is a tremendous continent in the Western Hemisphere, and occupies one-eighth of the land surface of the world.

By looking at this chart you will get some little idea as to the size of it, by comparing it with other countries. South America, you will therefore see, is twice the size of Europe, three times the size of China, four times the size of India, and sixty times the size of our British Isles.

From Panama, at the extreme north, to the furthest southern point of Tierra-del-Fuego ("the Land of Fire"), it is about 4700 miles

in length, and it is 3000 miles from east to west.

South America (leaving out the three northern Guianas) is divided up into eleven countries, or rather republics, each republic being under its own president.

The names of the republics are :—

Brazil	Venezuela
Argentina	Chili
Peru	Colombia
Bolivia	Paraguay
Ecuador	Uruguay and Panama

Everything in South America is on a large scale—rivers, forests, mountains, and plains. There is the mighty River Amazon, with its many tributaries, flowing through Northern Peru and Brazil; the Orinoco, in Venezuela; the Araguaya, in Brazil; and the River Plate, which runs through the Republic of Argentina.

I hope you will study a map as we go along. If you look on the western side of the

AN AMAZONIAN CREEK

continent you will see a long range of mountains, called the Andes, tipped with sleeping volcanic fires on some, and capped by perpetual snow on others. Nestling away up among these rugged peaks is the highest body of water in the world, called Lake Titicaca, on which float the rush-boats of the Inca Indians, the silent and down-trodden "Children of the Sun."

How vast China seems; and India, too, how big! Africa we feel we know very little about as yet, in spite of Livingstone and all the books that have been written; but here is South America—so neglected, and so large, that there is more unexplored territory there than in any other part of the world.

Not only so, but the continent is teeming with treasure. Diamonds and gold are hidden away in the earth in Brazil and Peru. Bolivia is a vast storehouse of silver and tin and coal. Petroleum and fertilizing nitrates for cleansing the soil are to be found in Chili.

The forests of Peru and Brazil spell rubber—"black gold" it is called by the natives. Chinchona trees flourish in abundance in Peru; also cocaine, which the Indians chew from morning till night, to deaden their sufferings, and their hunger.

Although South America is so large, there are, roughly speaking, only about fifty million people living in it, but the population increases every year through immigrants of all nations pouring into the continent.

Five hundred years ago, South America was the Indian's land. In the heart of the continent dwelt the savages, but Peru was the home of the highly-civilized Inca race. To the north lived an Indian people called the Chibchas, who came next in culture; and south, in Chili and Argentina, were the Araucanian Indians, who were not so cultured as the Incas or Chibchas, but who, notwithstanding, were a powerful people.

About five hundred years ago the Pope, in

his arrogance, "gave" South America to the two Roman Catholic countries of Spain and Portugal. It was a dark day for that land when the Portuguese adventurers and their priests went to Brazil, and Pizarro and his Spanish followers to Peru, the home of the cruel Inquisition.

From that day onward slavery, ill-treatment, and cruel deaths have been the lot of the Indians. La Casas, a Roman Catholic official, more humane than his brethren, was so concerned at the lot of the Indians in Brazil that he suggested that Africans should be brought to help the Indians in the gold mines, and they too suffered from the hands of the merciless Portuguese. Hence, to-day, we see in Brazil the negroes (of whom there are said to be some four millions), the Indians, and the Portuguese-speaking people of many nations, comprising about twenty millions.

In Central and Southern Argentina the population is chiefly European. Buenos Aires,

the capital, is largely Italian, though a very large number of British folk are living there. In Peru nearly three-fourths of the people are pure Indian, and Bolivia is mostly Indian as well.

For five long centuries this has indeed been the Land of Darkness and of the "Christless Cross." Two thousand years ago, nearly, Christ said to the Apostle Peter: "Feed My lambs." What have the so-called followers of Peter done for the Lambs of South America? Let us see.

CHAPTER II

BRAZILIAN BROWNIES

ENTERING the mouth of the mighty River Amazon, we travel slowly by steamer right away through Northern Brazil, past Manaos, with wonderful forests on either side of us. How hot and stifling it is, for we are journeying through the Tropics!

On we go, gliding past the crocodiles that lie basking in the sun, and that lazily open one eye at us or a huge mouth, the sight making us shudder, but with a sense of devout thankfulness that we are at a respectable distance! No sound disturbs the quiet, except the ripple of the water, and the screams of gaily-coloured parrots. Now and again we hear a sound like human voices, and straining our ears to listen we find to our amusement that it comes from

monkeys chattering and quarrelling among themselves.

At length we branch off into one of the many tributaries of the great river, the Yavari for choice, which brings us to the borders of Peru. Pitching our tent on the river-bank, we settle down for a quiet evening. In front of us is the Yavari River, filled with many wonderful varieties of fish.

Stretching away behind us is the forest, full of strange and wonderful things. We are in the home of the wild Indians, of whom there are many, many tribes. They live by fishing in the river, and hunting in the forest. There are said to be one hundred different kinds of fish, the largest of which is the King Herring, weighing often as much as three hundredweight. When one gets weary of fish diet, stewed monkey makes a pleasant variety, and cooked alligator a nice change!

Darkness has now fallen, and the stars are out. No sound now but the humming of the

mosquitoes, which are the bane of the traveller's life in South America. Here in this great land even the insects are on a large scale. Spiders, jiggers, carrapatoes, ticks, and other insects threaten to disturb our reverie. So if we would escape such unwelcome attentions from blood-thirsty mosquitoes, we must take shelter under a net. But not yet; the night is cooler than the day, and the fire-flies are out, like vivid electric sparks, darting about us as we lie and watch and dream of Paradise.

By and by we fall asleep. Suddenly we sit up, rubbing our eyes. What was that? Listening, for we are wide awake now, we hear a cry as of someone in distress. The dawn has broken as suddenly as the darkness fell last night. It always does so in the Tropics, and the crying and wailing gradually die away.

Presently we hear a splash, something small and dark has been thrown into the river, and drifts slowly in our direction. Straining our

eyes to see what it is, we find to our horror that it is a dear little brown baby, but quite dead, and following in its wake is a huge crocodile. Alas! Alas! Who is it that has been so inhuman to a little child? We will find out.

Like scouts through the trees we stealthily creep along, hardly daring to breathe, and never once speaking above a whisper. Hark! What is that? It is the tramp of many feet, and away in the distance, across an open track, we see a company of naked Indians in charge of men clad in European clothing.

In our eagerness to follow we almost stumble over a brown form, lying so still. It is an Indian woman, dead from a gun-shot wound, and lying at the foot of the tree close by is a little brown baby. We turn away from the sickening sight, for the wee brownie's brains have been dashed out by one of the wicked white men in charge of the Indian gang, now quickly disappearing in the distance.

But we must hurry on, or we will lose them. By and by they reach the rubber plantation, the place where the rubber-trees abound. The Brazilian and Peruvian forests are full of rubber, and for six months in the year (the other six months the land is under water) these trees are "bled"—as it is called—by the Indians for their taskmasters. The rubber trees grow in groups of 100 to 150, each tree yielding on an average eleven pounds of the grey, sticky juice.

Here the Indians, under pain of terrible torture and death, were made to extract the rubber. The method of doing so is by making a V-shaped gash in the trunk, under which is hung a little clay cup to catch the juice. To each tree is this done in turn, and when the cups are full they are emptied into a large cauldron hanging on a tripod over a fire of pine-cones.

After going through a certain process, the juice becomes a hard, congealed mass. This raw rubber is carried on the backs of Indians,

through the forest and over the mountains, to the city of Iquitos, in Northern Peru; and every year sufficient rubber is exported to provide tyres for 300,000 motor-cars.

In order to produce this rubber, the Indians have been hunted through the forests like wild beasts, and have been made to obtain the rubber under the threats and taunts of ignorant and cruel white men from neighbouring republics. The Indians have been allowed a certain time to get a certain quantity of rubber, and if it has not been forthcoming the Indians —men, women, and girls—have been flogged, put into stocks, starved, tortured, and tormented to death.

Saddest and most cruel of all, the children have not escaped, as we have already seen. The mother has been killed because maybe she was too ill or weary to walk any farther, and her little ones, who would only be in the way, have been either thrown into the river to the alligators, or have had their heads smashed

against the trees, or been thrown away into the forest alive to be devoured by wild animals.

It was said to be a favourite pastime of some of these so-called "civilized" (!) agents of the rubber companies to sit round smoking, and for a little diversion to have one or more of these little brown children hung up on a tree, and to shoot at them as a target—for sport!

Think of the agony of suffering of these children, flogged by wicked men, and even burned alive, in order to force them to tell where their parents were hidden. If those rubber-trees could only speak, what awful secrets they would reveal! Every thousand tons of rubber that have come to our own Christian land have cost seven Indian lives! Who knows, my young reader, what tragedy lies behind even the india-rubber ball with which you play so skilfully, and yet lose so carelessly!

For ten long, weary years all this went on, before we heard in England the wail of the

little brown children of the Brazilian and Peruvian forests. Have the cries ceased? God only knows, for the sounds are too far away for us to catch them.

Now I want to introduce you to some more Brazilian babies, but of a very different kind. So we will leave this "Paradise of Satan," and travel in an easterly direction, which will take us through the heart of the continent.

In the Amazon Valley there are many, many tribes of savage Indians, who hide away as we approach, thinking in their great fear that we must be rubber-gatherers. Occasionally we see a large space, where once stood an Indian village, a place of ruins and desolation, and along the tracks are human bones lying bleached and dry, telling a silent, yet eloquent story of what had been once living forms.

We, too, must be careful as we journey along, for the Indians near this rubber region we are leaving behind are in a dangerous mood, and

there is much to be feared from their deadly blow-pipes. One little prick from the poisoned arrow, and we would be dead in a very few seconds. So we will proceed cautiously.

As we get farther into the interior, we gradually find the vegetation becoming more dense; we enter the region of "Matto Grosso" (meaning, in English, "Big Woods"), covering a million square miles. You will see it on the map, in the centre of the continent. This forest swarms with monkeys, snakes, parrots, and many kinds of beautiful birds.

Most wonderful of all the plants are the exquisite orchids, which grow luxuriantly on the moss-covered boughs in the gloomiest parts of the dark forest. They are beautiful both in shape and colour—pink, white, and yellow. Some spotted, and others striped with crimson.

It may seem strange that such loveliness should be hidden away from the eyes of all but the God who made them, but it is the same everywhere in this wonderful country. The

choicest flowers bloom unseen except by the chance traveller, and the strangest animals and birds hide in the most out-of-the-way places. Some of the trees are fully two hundred feet high, so that birds on the topmost branches are safe from the hunter.

Right in the heart of the forest is a dead silence; no animal life is to be seen, though probably there are swarms of monkeys, birds, and other creatures hidden away in the tree-tops. Female monkeys usually carry their babies on their backs or shoulders, though sometimes they are carried on the breast with the legs and arms clasped round the body. They are very fond of Brazil nuts, several of which grow in one large, round shell, and in order to get at them the monkey beats the shell against the bough until it breaks and scatters the nuts upon the ground beneath.

South America has been spoken of as a Christian country, and yet, here in Brazil, which is large enough to include the whole of

the United States, and France as well, we find many tribes of savage Indians, each tribe speaking its own language, but to whom no messenger of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ has ever been sent.

Some of these tribes are large, some small, many move about from place to place, and others cannot be reached, so fearful are they of showing themselves. It is, on this account, exceedingly difficult to find out how many Indians there are living in the continent. There might be six millions, or the number might possibly be nearer ten, no one can tell. Tens of thousands have passed away without ever having heard of the Saviour.

They have their witch-doctors and their religious feasts, and they live in constant dread of evil spirits. Those who have come in contact with so-called civilized white people are none the better for it. In fact we can say, without any hesitation whatever, that "the last state of these people is worse than the first"; for

civilization without Christ is a far worse condition than paganism.

Just a few words more about these Brazilian Brownies before we make our way to the coast. From its birth the Indian baby is seldom parted from its mother, until it learns to walk. A few days after baby is born mother takes it to the plantation, protecting the little head from the heat of the sun by a banana leaf. When on a visit to distant relatives they take all their goods and chattels with them; and when paddling down the river the little ones help father to row, while mother sits at the helm nursing baby.

While baby is very tiny mother carries her in a broad, bark band which is hung over her right shoulder. When baby grows bigger, and is able to sit up by herself, she rides on mother's hip, supported by her encircling arm.

The Indians do not spoil their children, although they are very fond of them. They believe in hardening their little ones, so the girls and boys are bathed by their careful

BRAZILIAN BROWNIES FISHING

mothers every day in cold water, in some shady forest stream. Indian mothers are very fond of playing with their children, and when a tiny mite wants all her mother's care the older ones are handed over for " grannie " to look after.

Mother loves to deck her little one with necklaces, only I do not think we should say they were pretty, for they are made either of teeth or seeds. If you want to make an Indian woman your friend, nothing will win her friendship quicker than a present of a bead necklace to her little child.

Then no Indian mother thinks her little one's toilet is complete until she is painted red, though I do not suppose we should think her at all beautiful.

Girls soon begin to help their mothers in various ways, by looking after the smaller ones, netting hammocks, making pottery, spinning cotton, and learning to cultivate the fields and to cook. But " the children's souls, which God is calling Sunward, spin on blindly in the dark."

CHAPTER III

BLOSSOM BABIES

LEAVING our little Indian friends, we now make our way through the State of Sao Paulo, in South-Eastern Brazil, to the city of the same name, which means "St Paul." The climate here is more temperate and healthy (except in the lowlands near the sea-coast), which is a pleasant change from the tropical heat of Northern Brazil.

Sao Paulo is very up-to-date, and more like a modern European city than any other in Brazil. Yet although many of the Portuguese-speaking people who live here are educated, they are very ignorant of the true religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. Their religion, like that of the people in every other city in South America, consists chiefly in the worship of a

woman, the Virgin Mary, and there are very many Roman Catholic feasts given in her honour during the year.

The mother of our Saviour is thus the object of worship of many thousands of women and children in South America to-day, and yet the exaltation of the Virgin Mary has not by any means uplifted these women and children; on the contrary, their social, moral, and spiritual state is worse than that of the women and children of any heathen country. It is only where the Lord Jesus Christ is worshipped and upheld that mothers, sisters, and little children are honoured, cared for, and put into their proper place.

In South America the Lord Jesus is either represented as a little child in His mother's arms, as on the cross, or as lying dead in a coffin. As the Saviour is thus misrepresented to them, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that these women and children, who do not know the truth about His love, turn away from

the apparently dead Christ, to the warm, kindly-looking, gaudily-decked figure of Mary, about whom the Church of Rome says : " Come unto Mary, all ye who are burdened and weary with your sins, and she will give you rest."

It is to Mary and not to the Lord Jesus that the children of South America are bidden to turn.

Think of your own happy childhood, of mother and your bright home ; of your church, your Sunday-school, and your day-school ; of the bright, happy hours you spend in play ; of the laughing, chubby, clean, and healthy children of our own cities. Think ; and now come with me through the city of Sao Paulo, where we see people of all nations and colours, from the blackest negro to the whitest European.

We will pay a visit to some bright, budding blossoms of humanity who have been gathered from streets and places of wickedness, and planted in a beautiful Home standing in its own grounds, lying on the outskirts of the town.

PALMS, LILIES AND BABY BLOSSOMS

Here thirty-six little human "blossoms" live and flourish under the motherly and fatherly care of Mr and Mrs Cooper, their daughter, and other workers.

The story of the first "blossom" is that while Mr and Mrs Cooper were doing missionary work in another part of Brazil, a little baby girl was given to them by her mother, who was quite out of her mind. The poor wee mite was little more than skin and bones, but loving care and plenty of good food soon transformed her into a bonnie maiden.

To describe all these thirty-six "blossoms" would fill a book. The Blossom Home is one of the brightest spots in Brazil to-day, and it is a real joy to leave the city and to hurry away at sunset over the low fields, with the wide sky on all sides coloured always with different hues, and the fresh, cool breath of evening, while a bevy of expectant children await your appearance under the pines and palms of the walk to the house. That these

little ones were ever poor, or diseased, or homeless, does not seem possible as we mingle with them at the evening play-hour.

That Tecla was ever anything but a sweet-faced yellow-haired child, that Baby was ever thin and wrinkled, that Bepy was ever serious, or Rosa not always happy, seems so long ago as not to belong to the present age of the Home. One "blossom" came all the way from Maranham, a city more than 2000 miles away from Sao Paulo, which shows how much such orphanages are needed in Brazil.

It would be nice to stay here and make their further acquaintance, to see the little ones in the kindergarten, and the older ones at their lessons. It would be interesting to spend a Sunday at this haven, and to see the keen interest they display in missions and missionaries.

During the week, at morning worship they are trained to look out over the whole world,

and to pray for a particular place each day. At Sunday-school they, of their own accord, have a collection amongst themselves, and every week they try to do something extra, for which they are paid, and out of this they freely give to the missionary box. They send to the child-widows of India, to the school for blind children at Jerusalem, and to other missions in which they are interested.

We would like to watch them, too, at their work, for they are all busy little bees, and what a hive of happy industry it is—dairying, poultry-raising, laundry, kitchen, housework, and gardening! The reason why we cannot stay for more than a flying visit is because there is no room for us, and if not for us, then for no one else, for the Home is already more than full.

"The girls' dormitories hold fourteen beds, and there are twenty girls! Baby Grace sleeps in a cot beside the bed of 'Mother' and 'Daddy,' but the other five have to sleep in

the dining-room, which means making up beds at bedtime. The walls of the Home are not made of india-rubber, so they cannot be stretched to receive any more 'blossoms.' What is then to be done? Applications are constantly coming in, a recent one being for a motherless baby girl of a month old. How the heart of Christ must yearn over these little ones of whom He said when here on earth: 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!'"

CHAPTER IV

PARAGUAYAN PICCANINNIES

Our next visit is to the Republic of Paraguay, so, leaving Sao Paulo, we will travel in a westerly direction, though really, in order to reach Paraguay in the proper way we should make our way to Santos, and embark on a steamer for Buenos Aires, in Argentina, which is situated at the mouth of the Silver River, called by the Spanish-speaking people of Argentina "Rio de la Plata."

From Buenos Aires all missionaries travel up this river to Paraguay, but as we are not ordinary travellers, but extraordinary, we make our way to the banks of the River Paraguay. Here we must pause for a moment. Behind us is civilization; before us is heathenism and the unknown. Across the river lies

the "Gran Chaco" (Great Hunt), the Indian's land, about which one hears all kinds of queer stories. There is something fascinating about "an unknown people in an unknown land," and so curiosity prompts us to cross and explore.

But it was something more than mere curiosity which took Mr W. Barbrooke Grubb, of the South American Missionary Society, among the Lengua Indians—a burning desire to tell these dusky people of a God of Love. So one day this quiet, resolute Englishman, with a purposeful air which reminded one strangely of David Livingstone, walked into the Indian encampment, letting them know by his manner that he had come to stay.

Still it is with the little people we wish to make friends. So climbing into a bullock-cart—for we are now on the other side of the river—we make our way slowly across swampy plains until we come to a palm forest, where some Lengua Indians are encamped. Boys

and girls with browny-red skin, black eyes, and long black hair are playing about just like English children—only they are not very merry or full of fun, but are, oh, so dirty!

The boys have one garment, a little blanket of many patterns and colours, which is twisted round the waist in the hot weather, but worn round the shoulders when cold. They deck themselves with ostrich feathers, bead necklaces, shells, and sheep's teeth. The feathers are worn in the hair; also round the ankles, to protect them from the biting of the snakes which lurk in the long grass.

The girls also have one garment, a skirt made of deer skin. They, too, wear beads and other ornaments like their brothers, though they are not decked out like the boys.

Leaving our bullock-cart, we walk right into the camp. What queer houses the people live in! Just a few branches of trees stuck in the ground, with some palm leaves and a

handful of grass on the top. There are no windows or doors, and no furniture inside, but just a few deer skins on the ground, which serve as beds. Everything is put on the ground, for there are no shelves or cupboards, and all looks dirty and untidy.

Presently the father comes in from the hunt, bringing an animal which he has killed with his bow and arrow. Sometimes he brings a deer, an ostrich, or a wild pig. To-night it is an ostrich. He drops his load a little way off, and the women and children go and bring it in. It is supper-time, and they are all hungry. First they take off the skin carefully, for that will make a new skirt for the little girl, or a bed for her brother.

Everyone now works hard. Boys and girls fetch water and wood, and fan up the fire. Soon the meat in the pot is cooked, and the children pass the word round that supper is ready. The pot is lifted off the fire, everybody sits on the ground in a circle round

A PARAGUAYAN CHRISTIAN FAMILY

it, and they get out their horn spoons, though generally they use their fingers.

Each child gets a large piece of meat in its hands. There is no waiting, no blessing asked, but all eat until everything is finished, while the crowd of hungry dogs around try to steal pieces out of the pot.

Then the pipe is passed round; and the father tells how he saw the ostrich, how he dressed himself up with leaves and twigs to look like a tree and stalked the bird. Presently he got near enough to shoot it with his arrow. He tells also how, in coming home, he saw a tiger in the forest, and later on killed a snake. It is a long, long story, but the children listen eagerly, and next day they act it all over in their play.

Now it is bedtime. If we were Indians we would all choose a place as near the fire as possible, not so much for the warmth, as to escape the unwelcome attentions of our diminutive friends, the mosquitoes. We

would spread out our little skin beds, or if you had not one of your own, you would cuddle up with the other children, always putting the tiny tots and any sick ones in the middle. And while you are in slumberland the dogs crouch near. Over you spreads the blue sky, with the beautiful moon shining down upon you in company with the myriad stars.

But you will not sleep for long: a weird cry rings out through the silent night, the cry of some animal or bird, and, starting up in a frightened way, the Indian shakes his rattle to frighten away the evil spirit.

The fire has to be kept up all night while the children sleep, and the dogs must be watched in case they try to reach the tasty piece of ostrich hung up in the neighbouring tree for breakfast. You will probably be disturbed, too, by the barking of wolves or the snarl of a tiger, as they prowl round the encampment.

In the morning everybody is on the move,

for these Lengua Indians do not stay long in one place. Pots and pans are collected, together with gourds and skins, and put into big nets which the women are expected to carry. The men go on in front with their bows and arrows, so that they may be ready for any dangers, such as tigers, or to shoot any game for food.

Three children can ride astride a horse or mule, although it is exceptional for an Indian to have either; or a mother and two little ones can travel thus—one tied in front and one behind round her waist. But very often you would have to walk on and on, through swamps and over wide, hot plains, always on the look-out for something to eat.

Sometimes there is no water, and the children are only too glad to stoop and scrape up the muddy dregs in the print of a horse's hoof, or else they look for the caraguata plant, which generally has a little water at the bottom of its long, prickly leaves.

On the sandy plains there are tiny insects which burrow into the feet, and make them swell until they are very, very sore. Sometimes so many of these insects get in that you can scarcely walk at all.

All at once someone catches sight of a herd of wild pigs feeding; then away go our little Indian friends, snatching up sticks, to chase and if they can to capture a pig.

At night-fall another halt is made, this time by a stream, for there are fish and alligators to make a splendid meal. So all the things are unpacked, and the houses of twigs and leaves are soon erected. A big fire is kindled, and after an "alligator" supper, quiet once more reigns in the camp as another night falls, wooing the Chaco children to sleep under the twinkling stars.

The Lengua Indians are very fond of their children, but they seldom correct them when they are naughty. If mother should attempt to correct them, father very unwisely inter-

feres, so I am afraid a great many Chaco children are spoilt.

When Mr W. Barbrooke Grubb came to the Gran Chaco the Indians showed him plainly by their manner that they did not want him. This, however, did not discourage him in the least, but only spurred him on to try to win their favour. He made himself one with them; he learned their customs and their language; he travelled when they travelled, took part in their feasts, and lived exactly as they did—until finally he won their confidence and love. How they needed the Gospel, for they were in gross heathen darkness! They had no religious customs, though they had their witch-doctors, and lived in constant dread of evil spirits.

Amongst the Indians here "baby-killing," which grown-up people call "infanticide," is sadly very common. "Superstition," writes Mr Grubb, "causes many of these deaths. Girl babies, if they are born first, are put to

death; deformed children are also killed, and twins are never allowed to live. Many die through want of care during the first years of childhood."

How heartless such customs seem! Yet there is something still more sad, which has to do with their beliefs. For many years Mr Grubb tried to show the Indians "the better way," and to do away with the cruel practice of killing their babies.

Their burial rites are very weird, and no funeral ever takes place after sunset. If, therefore, a sick Indian is likely to die in the night, before sunrise, they bury her or him before the sun goes down, even though the spirit may not have left the body, break up their camp, and move away before they settle down for the night.

The mother of a dear little Indian girl became very ill one day. The husband, who really loved his wife, did all he could to make her well, but in spite of this she gradually

grew worse instead of better. When he saw that she could not possibly live, and that all hope was gone he left her alone.

There she lay, outside the hut, with a reed matting over her face, her life fast ebbing away. It was about an hour before sunset. The Indians were getting restless, when the missionary walked into their midst. Seeing the form on the ground, he stooped down, taking the matting from the Indian woman's face.

She whispered: "Water." Reluctantly it was brought by the Indian husband, but a few minutes later she became quite unconscious. The eyes of the Indians were anxiously looking, not towards the dying woman, but toward the sinking sun, for she must be buried before sunset. They would all have to pack up and hurry away to a new camping place, where the woman's spirit could not follow.

Impatiently they stepped forward, but were waved back by the missionary. Her

grave was ready, everything was prepared for the funeral rites.

"The spirit has not left her yet," he said; "do not touch her."

"But we must hasten, or darkness will be upon us before we leave," replied the husband; "we cannot break our custom."

The missionary held them off as long as he could, till finally they bore her away. Stepping into their hut, he heard a faint noise, and seeing a small, dark object on the floor, he stooped down and tenderly lifted up the now motherless baby girl. What a dear, wee, brown living thing she was!

Turning round he saw her father, who held out his arms saying that he had come to take her away to be buried with her mother. The missionary gazed at him with horror in his eyes.

"Oh, but you are not going to kill her, surely?" said he, hugging Baby closer.

"Of course not," said the father; "we are

going to put her in the ground alive. It is our custom!"

He did not think about the cruelty of such a proceeding. It was part of their religion, and, therefore, must be carried out. So there was a tussle between the father and the missionary for the Chaco baby's life, and I am glad to say the missionary won, but the Indians did not like it at all.

The first thing to be considered was what to give baby to eat, and the second problem how to get her to the mission-station a hundred miles away. Finding that no Indian woman would help him in the matter of nursing and feeding her, he saw that he would have to be both mother and nurse to her himself.

What could he give "Brownie"? Well, God showed him what to do, so she was kept alive on rice water and goat's milk, which the missionary gently squirted into her mouth from his mouth, and on egg and milk, these being the chief items in Baby's diet.

After miles and days of riding on horseback, with five Indians to show the missionary the way, they at length reached the mission-station, and Baby was handed over to a kind motherly missionary. I am sorry to say, however, that Baby Hope (for that is the name the missionaries gave her), was taken ill six months afterwards, and died, and she was laid to rest on the banks of the River Paraguay.

How sad it is to think that there have been many of these little ones who were not so fortunate in being rescued from a living grave like Baby Hope! But these Indians are learning that Jesus loves the little children in the Chaco. For nearly thirty years the missionaries of the South American Missionary Society have been working here for the preserving and uplifting of the children, and to-day they are being rewarded by seeing many Christian Indian homes established.

There are day-schools, Sunday-schools, and schools of industry where the older boys and girls

are learning how to become useful men and women. Carpentering, housebuilding, agriculture, cooking, laundry, and housework are now taking the place of wandering, hunting, dancing, and feasting, which, with them, have now become things of the past.

There are many other Indian tribes in Paraguay yet to be reached, so we will leave the Gran Chaco, and once more crossing the river we come back to civilization—but not to stay, our destination being Santa Teresa, in South-Eastern Paraguay. We must travel on horseback now, for there are no smooth roads; so, accompanied by Mr John Hay, of the Inland-South America Missionary Union, we proceed on our journey. For the benefit of those who did not go with him he wrote an account of his experiences. In his diary he says :—

"When we entered the dense forests the Indian tracks soon became impassable for men on horseback. We could no longer ride, and in some places we were obliged to travel bare-

foot, in deep mud, leading our horses as best we could, while we stumbled on over the roots of trees and interlacing bamboo creepers.

" Led by a native guide, we found the Indians hidden away behind the shelter of almost impassable swamps, across which we could not take our horses—amid the most savage conditions, and in great poverty. Some of them had a little maize, but for the most part they appeared to live on wild fruits, roots, reptiles, caterpillars, or anything procurable by hunting and fishing. For clothing, they wore only loincloths, and bands of women's hair twisted round the legs below the knees and round the wrists.

" Their faces were painted in curious patterns, with some black pigment, and in some cases mutilated by a hole in the lower lip, through which a long appendage of resinous gum protruded, hanging down in front of the chin. They were armed with long powerful bows, from which they can shoot, with deadly effect, arrows pointed with long, hard, wooden barbs.

Some of these arrows measure over six feet in length.

"Some of the women were busily weaving their little loin cloths, made from fine cotton fibre, on rude square frames made with four branches of a tree firmly fixed in the ground."

It is to these Indians and their little children that Mr Hay and his fellow-workers seek to minister. A mission-station has been built here in the wilds, under tremendous difficulties and very trying conditions. "The Indians are scattered in very small companies, sometimes merely families, over immense areas; they are constantly moving their dwellings"—their chief idea being to get away from the one they think their greatest enemy—the white man!

It has, therefore, been uphill work to win the confidence of these Indians; but God, who is always on the side of the missionaries, has rewarded their patient, prayerful, and persevering efforts, so that now quite a number of the

Indians, recognizing the missionaries as their friends, are seeking them out. At one time, when the maize and mandioca crops failed, the people had to eat rats and wild animals of the forest. The missionaries gave them work to do and paid them in food. "At first they were very shy, especially the women, but as they got to know them their shyness wore off, and even the little children began to feel at home with them."

It will take us too long to visit the other I.S.A.M.U. Stations. If we had time we could go to Caaguazw, the base from which the missionaries work among the Forest Indians; to Villarica, the third city in Paraguay, where there is a school for the children of English-speaking people, and where the Roman Catholic officials have warned their people not to send their children to the Protestant schools, for Rome prefers to keep her little ones ignorant.

Had we time to linger in Concepcion, the second city of the republic, situated on the

River Paraguay, with its 14,000 inhabitants, we should be able to learn something of the missionary work carried on there amongst the children. Here as elsewhere, the Roman Catholic priests are very hostile, and do all they can to hinder the work of Christ amongst these little ones.

Just before we leave Paraguay, we must have a peep at the children who are not Indians, but the natives of the country. The Paraguayan children go about naked from three to four years of age until they go to school; the Paraguayans of the town are, of course, better dressed. The boys are very fond of hunting birds, with bows and marbles of hard clay. These bows have two strings each, with a little rag on the strings on which the marble is placed. It shoots a good distance, and can kill good-sized birds.

The Paraguayans, like other peoples, have bad habits—such as drinking, card-playing, swearing, and smoking. Even little boys of

three and four years of age are sometimes seen smoking, while their parents just look on and smile! Alas, that this religion of "baptized paganism" should prevail everywhere, and that the boys and girls of Paraguay should be bought and sold to Paraguayan masters to be their slaves!

> The young, young children, Oh my brothers,
> They are weeping bitterly!
> They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
> In the country of the free.

"It is not the will of your Father that one of these little ones should perish."

CHAPTER V

ARGENTINE ALL-SORTS

ARGENTINA, the Land of the Silver River, is, after Brazil, the next Republic in size in South America. It is the most progressive from a worldly point of view, and from a spiritual standpoint also it is going forward steadily.

This is not strange, seeing that the people who live in Central and Southern Argentina are mainly European, and British people have an enormous commercial and financial interest in that land; but nevertheless we cannot get away from the fact that this Land of the Silver River lacks in many places the streams of Living Water which God is so patiently waiting to flood through human channels to hundreds of girls and boys who do not know Him. We should really, therefore, take a very great interest in Argentina for more than one reason.

From Paraguay we will make a journey into Northern Argentina. Travelling through the sugar plantations, we finally reach San Pedro, where the sugar-crushing mills are at work, for it is harvest time and hundreds of Indians are employed cutting the cane.

Everything is in full swing, and dusky forms are flitting here, there, and everywhere, some cutting the cane with long knives, while the Indian women carry it away and lay it in heaps. Here, after the leaves and top ends are cut off, the cane is thrown into trucks, which are taken to the factory by a small engine drawing twelve or thirteen trucks. We will go and see how the cane goes in at one end and nice white sugar comes out at the other end. The sugar, after being sewn up in bags, is taken away in big, heavy carts, with high broad wheels.

At another sugar plantation 3000 Indians are employed. They come from Southern Boliva and the Gran Chaco to work from three to five months among the sugar cane, and then

return to their own country. There are several tribes, the most civilized being the Chiriguards from Bolivia, who are cleaner and more intelligent than the rest. There are the Tobas, another warlike tribe, who go about almost naked. They are dirty and savage looking. Also the Matacos, who are sadder looking than the rest.

The South American Missionary Society is endeavouring to reach these people in San Pedro and San Antonio. Mr R. J. Hunt says, of his second visit amongst the Indians in the Argentine Chaco :—

" A day or two after my arrival I went to the village seeking my assistant, Sixto, and found the house deserted and the household goods removed. Glancing in and out among the trees, I found all the huts likewise vacated, but presently I espied two solitary little girls of six or seven years of age playing near one of the huts ; and on approaching, instead of scampering away like frightened animals, they remained quite still, and shyly but very clearly

explained to me, with many gestures, that the man whom I sought had built another house on the other side of the road. Only those who have attempted to tame one, know the wild, shy nature of a little Indian girl!

"The other day I went to visit the Mataco Camp at Mira Flores, and at the sound of my voice a young fellow came forward with a broad smile on his face and saluted me. A little girl instantly sidled up to me, and immediately from several huts came the women to smile recognition of me.

"Then the men flocked round. I speak specially about the women, because their rule is that when a stranger visits their camp the women keep in the background, or peep out through their well-ventilated grass-huts; but these people were from Tres Pozos, and they had seen me squatting round their fires, and moving freely in and out among their friends. I was no longer a stranger but one of themselves."

We will now make our way southward through Argentina, travelling for many miles from one city to another by mule back. They are inhabited by children of all nations, but speaking the one common language of Spanish. These cities have their churches, convents and cathedrals, and everywhere you see priests and so-called "holy" women.

In Cordoba, the Brethren are doing a splendid missionary work. Mr and Mrs Will Payne and their children, with Miss Emily Reynolds, and others are seeking to win the children to Christ.

A priest was holding a service at one of the Roman Catholic churches. Amongst other things he promised everyone present that evening seven years' release from purgatory for their attendance at the service! A rich young lady promised candles to one of the Virgins, if her prayers were answered.

In the Sunday-school work only the better-class children are being reached, as for the most part the poor children live so far away.

In San Martin, a village near Cordoba, a little Sunday-morning school has been started. There are always a few listeners at the door, who are afraid to come in. When invited to enter they say: "No, I must not, you are heretics!" One of the Sunday-school boys, who attended a day-school under the supervision of Roman Catholics, was expelled because it was discovered that he attended the little morning Sunday-school.

How helpless the missionaries are in matters like these! For the power of Rome is very great in these fanatical places. But this little difficulty was speedily removed, for a Spanish woman who had recently come from Spain had been a day-school teacher before her marriage in a missionary school in Spain! She felt constrained to open a day-school here, and so the children who attended the Sunday-school went also to the day-school.

Best of all the Word of God is read and taught every morning for half an hour. How

true the proverb is: "What you put into the life of a nation, you must put into its schools."

There was an orphan school kept by a few Christians who loved little children, a few miles out of Cordoba. A little boy was very ill, dying of consumption; and he was brought to a hospital in the city. The little fellow knew the Gospel, and had his Testament with him. His precious Book was taken away from him; and although he was so ill he was given no peace till he was driven to confess to a priest and renounce the Gospel.

Then they tried to stop the missionary's visits, but, in defiance of the Catholic nurse, and on the ground that the missionary had brought up the orphan child, she got through to see him before he died.

Children take part in the religious festivals of the Roman Church, especially the feasts of the Virgin, of which there are very many. One of the chief festivals is that of the "Virgin Mercedes." The image is taken out of the great

Church that bears her name, in order that, according to an ancient custom, she may release four prisoners.

This Virgin is reckoned to be very miraculous. She is supposed, years ago, to have given special victory in an Argentine battle. In commemoration of this, every year she is solemnly taken down from her niche, and paraded with great pomp to release any four prisoners she chooses.

Let us turn aside and see this great sight. The route of the procession is lined, almost packed, with people. Cordoba being a large and so-called religious city, practically everybody is out to watch with us. At last we see the procession; it is slowly returning to the church. How long it is! For we find by our watches that it has taken twenty minutes to pass.

Heads are bared as the robed priests and choir boys, with lights and lanterns, come into view. Such crowds of women follow! Little children dressed in white follow on,

A CONVENTILLO IN THE ARGENTINE CAPITAL

carrying silk banners. At length, to the muffled sound of the drum, and well protected by armed soldiers, comes the Virgin, carried aloft.

The excitement is now at its highest. Women are throwing flowers from the balconies to the Virgin. All are anxious to catch sight of the four prisoners at whose feet the Virgin had been made to drop a free pardon. Then follow in the rear more soldiers as a further escort.

In spite of all these feasts, the priests feel they are losing their hold upon the people, especially the women; and in order to revive religious sentiment cinematograph pictures are being shown in one of the churches to attract more worshippers. To lose the women is also to lose the children, the men they have already lost.

On our way to the capital of Buenos Aires, we pass miles of waving corn, with great expanses of grassland upon which graze hundreds

of sheep and cattle. Here and there, too, we see ranches where the owners of the wheat-fields and cattle live.

Who are these people? Not foreigners, but our own British men and women, miles away from any city and from civilization.

There is no church for them to go to, so Sunday is the same as any other day; but occasionally they receive a visit from the chaplain of the South American Missionary Society. More often than not, they are without any spiritual help whatever, and yet how much we owe to them!

Supposing we had no church or Sunday-school, no one to tell us of the beautiful things of God—how we should miss it all! And yet here are these people living out on the plains of Argentina, with their little children, tending the sheep, and reaping the corn, all of which is for our material benefit.

The sheep and cattle are killed and put into the freezing-houses in Buenos Aires; the

wheat is harvested and made into flour, and all is shipped from the docks every week, to England and other parts of the world. Shall we not send them news of the Bread of Life which perisheth not, so that the boys and girls of Argentina may know about the Lord Jesus Christ ?

Now we are in *the* city of the whole continent, Buenos Aires. The houses are flat-roofed and have no chimneys, for the very simple reason that they have no fires. Most of the cooking is done either on a charcoal brazier or on a gas or oil stove. Most of the streets are very narrow, especially the older ones. The newer streets are made much wider, and down the centre are avenues of trees.

House rent here, as in every other South American city, is very, very high, so that the poor people live in " conventillos " such as you see here. " This is a form of slum peculiar to South America consisting of a square, or

courtyard surrounded by buildings one or two stories high. A 'conventillo' sometimes contains as many as a hundred families, each one crowded into a single room, opening on to the common square. Here the women wash, and cook, and sew, and gossip and drink 'maté' with their friends (the native tea of the continent is grown in Paraguay). Here also the children swarm and quarrel at their games."

Buenos Aires is a most cosmopolitan city, full of life, gaiety, and commercial activity; and yet so full of wickedness that many a mother's boy has been ruined for eternity.

There are numerous factories of various kinds in the city and neighbourhood, in which hundreds of girls and boys are employed. In the richer homes the girls are kept very secluded by their mothers, having no purpose in life but just to dress up and make themselves look nice.

In the hot months everyone rises with the

sun, and the first substantial meal, called "almuorzo" (breakfast) is taken at 11.30. The hottest part of the day is spent in "siesta" (sleep), under a mosquito net, on a shady verandah, after which you have a cold bath and dress ready for visitors, or go visiting yourself.

To speak of work amongst children in the Province of Buenos Aires would fill a book. The Christian workers of the Evangelical Union of South America are doing noble work in the Sunday-schools. We have not time to visit Tres Arroyos, where each Sunday two hundred children listen to the "Old, Old Story of Jesus and His Love," or Las Flores, Coronel Suarez, Campana, or San Fernando, where the children are gathered together Sunday by Sunday.

The difference between these Argentine children and ourselves is just this, that everything here in Britain is done to help the children, and to surround them with a pure

atmosphere and holy influences. Out there it is not so; everything is against the children growing up to be even morally good men and women.

They are so familiar with sin that their sense of sin is destroyed, and they are therefore harder to reach than pure pagans. If ever a city needed a "Blossom Home," it is Buenos Aires, where we find children of all nations.

One of the finest institutions for children and young people in the whole of this continent is, however, to be seen here at the present day. We cannot leave Argentina without paying a visit to the suburb of Palermo, where are situated the schools superintended by the Rev. William Case Morris, the "Dr Barnardo of South America."

While in business, in the Boca district of the city, some years ago, Mr Morris saw the poverty and ignorance of the children about him, and he longed to see something done for

them. Of his own accord, and with his own private funds, he commenced a school for poor children. Upon this he spent years of labour and much money, seeking to better the lot of his juvenile friends.

With the South American Missionary Society at his back, he established day-schools, Sunday-schools, and schools of industry, through which hundreds of Spanish-speaking children have passed since their foundation.

Who are the scholars? With the exception of a very small number we find they are children of the poorest class. Many are children of invalid parents, others of widowed mothers. In the case of several, the father is serving a long term of imprisonment for crime. Some are almost alone in the world; many are quite alone—"nobody's children," waifs, to whom life is a dreary, desolate solitude.

Numbers of the children had been surrounded by an atmosphere of ignorance and sin, and would a few years later have been a

cause of trouble to the police, had it not been for such an institution as this. It is not only a training place for the mind, but a school for character, where the children's souls are lifted out of the mire and trained in the atmosphere of heaven.

What sweetening influences must now be at work, where every youth and maiden is who has passed through this school! Think of the five thousand who are being trained to be witnesses for Christ to their own people in this continent, where we see still so much darkness, degradation, and superstition.

The whole secret of successful work amongst Spanish-speaking children is splendidly summed up by Mrs Strachan, an E.U.S.A. missionary in Tandil. She says :—

"Our work in the Sunday-school makes us feel more than ever the pressing and immediate need of day-schools. It seems impossible in one short hour to make an impression on the children.

"How can you teach a child that a lie is a lie, when lies are told at home and in day-school? How can you make him understand that to steal is a sin when everybody else tells him that the only sin about it is to be found out?

"The child of South America is up against all that sort of thing; it is the very air he breathes during the week.

"He comes to us for an hour on Sunday; how much do you think can be done to press home these powerful influences? We are more than ever convinced that if we are to do in this country a work that will take deep root downward, and bear fruit upward, the children must be got hold of, placed in the right atmosphere, and taught on the right lines. For this we must get the day-schools and get them quickly."

CHAPTER VI *

DIMINUTIVE DWELLERS IN THE LAND OF FIRE

"More than one hundred years ago God sent a baby boy to Mr and Mrs Gardiner. They called him Allen Francis. He had four elder brothers, and as the lads romped and played games and learned lessons together, they would have been ever so much surprised if they could have taken a peep into the future, and seen what wonderful adventures in strange lands, among strange people, and what terrible dangers and difficulties were in store for little Allen.

"He always said he 'meant to be a sailor, and travel all over the world,' and one night when Mrs Gardiner went to tuck him up and give him a good-night kiss, she found his bed

* This chapter is mainly quoted from *How the S.A.M.S. Began*, by Alice M. Bakewell, to whom I express my deep gratitude.

empty, and her little boy fast asleep on the hard floor—'getting hardened and used to roughing it,' he told her. When thirteen years old he went to the Naval College at Portsmouth for two years, and then his life as a sailor began.

"Who will come in thought with me and pay a visit to the Land of Fire? Before we start, let us remember that first we take a long leap into the past—we jump backwards over fifty years—for we want to join our dear old friend and sailor Captain Allen Gardiner.

"We shall certainly all need our strongest boots and thickest wraps and waterproofs, as we join our sailor hero. Sleet and hail are beating around the boat on all sides, and every few minutes a wave dashes across the bows. When we land on one of the Islands, and trudge along by the Captain's side, on one of his exploring expeditions, we find the mud more than knee-deep in many places.

"We shall find the natives a very miserable lot of people. They have no form of worship,

no idols; they know nothing whatever of God. There is not even a word in their language to express the name of God. They are Indians, and divided into many different tribes, all at enmity with each other; always quarrelling and at war. Food is often the cause of the trouble, for it is very hard to get.

"There are Canoe Indians and Foot Indians. The Canoe Indians live almost entirely upon fish and fungus, and the Foot Indians on birds and animals killed by bows and arrows and spears made of whalebone. Nowhere do we see the smallest sign of the land being tilled or cultivated; indeed, corn would not ripen in the Land of Fire, for the climate is very damp and windy. Even in summer the sun rarely shines, only wind and rain then take the place of the winter storms of sleet and snow.

"There is plenty of good water on the Islands, so, as our supply on board the *Clymene* is running short, we will draw into one of the harbours and refill the water-casks before we pursue our

journey to Banner Cove, where the Captain thinks of putting up the wooden storehouse he has brought from England, and landing our goods.

"Before the *Clymene* sails away, while our companions are busy fixing up a tent, we spy several canoes of Indians coming towards us. In a moment our friend has his telescope pointed in their direction, eager to find out all about them. We soon see they are afraid; it is the glass that frightens them. They think it some dangerous weapon! So it is quickly laid aside and we make signs of friendship.

"Many of the men come on board after a time, and gladly take the buttons we offer in exchange for fish and shell necklaces. They are queer-looking, dark brown people, with large heads, small, sharp, black eyes, and long, jet-black hair hanging straight down over each shoulder.

"A little girl, about three years old, ventures near the Captain, and very great is the delight of all when she returns to her mother with a

bright-coloured cotton handkerchief round her shoulders. They are much interested in us, and the keen, black eyes watch intently every movement, while the water-casks are brought from the shore, and taken from the small boat to the larger vessel.

"I wonder how many of us keep a diary! There is one diary I know all of us, yes every boy and girl and grown-up reader of this book, would very much like to see. How tenderly we should turn over those storm-stained pages! How lovingly we should gaze at the clear pencil hand-writing of this wonderful diary!

"Perhaps if we really did see and read it, some of us would be inspired with feelings akin to those of a little girl of nine years old who went home from a missionary meeting and wrote :— 'Mark xvi. 15 says : "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." This is a commandment of my Saviour, to be obeyed by me as soon as I am old enough.'

"More than fifty years ago, Captain Smyley,

in command of the *John Davidson*, sailed into Banner Cove. He was searching for a party of seven missionaries to whom he had been sent with food and stores. He found no Englishmen or native of the Land of Fire upon the seashore, but painted on a rock he saw a notice: 'Dig below.' The crew landed, and obeying the first two words, they dug up a bottle containing a paper, on which was written: 'We are gone to Spaniard's Harbour. . . . We have sickness on board: our supplies are nearly out, and if not soon relieved we shall be starved out.'"

With many misgivings they hastened to Spaniard's Harbour. It was then October, so seven months had passed since the notice had been painted on the rocks. The first vessel sent to the help of the brave missionaries had been wrecked. How had they fared during those months of waiting? Had the help come too late?

Yes, already that faithful band—our hero

Captain Allen Gardiner, and his six comrades—have all passed into the Happy Land where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." Sorrowful indeed was the sight that awaited the searchers. A boat on the beach with a lifeless body within; another lying not far off, washed to pieces by the waves; another buried in a shallow grave upon the shore: all seven starved to death.

What was the effect of this martyrdom? Was it thought worth while for others to risk their lives for the Fuegian Indians? The Rev. G. P. Despard and his wife, when they heard of the facts, said: "With God's help, this good work shall go on." And in a beautiful new schooner called the *Allen Gardiner*, another mission party started for that distant land.

"It was decided to make Keppel Island, which is one of the Falkland group, their headquarters. With much labour a house was built, and a little mission-station and farm formed there. The intention was to try and get two or three

DUSKY DARLINGS

of the Fuegian natives to come and live with them at Keppel, hoping to be able to learn the language from these natives, whilst they taught them all the good and useful things they could.

"Many years before, a native, who was known by the name of Jimmy Button, had been brought to England by Captain Fitzroy. When Jimmy went back to his own country he was quite lost sight of by his English friends. However, he was met with one day in his canoe by the party from Keppel, and they found that he still remembered much of the English he had learned. After being kindly treated by the missionaries, and enjoying some of their coffee and bread and butter, he said he was quite willing to go with his wife and three children to stay with them for six months.

"Jimmy Button and his family soon became quite at home upon the mission farm. One of Jimmy's boys, a bright, sharp, little lad of about eight years, whom his father called

'Threeboys,' very quickly picked up many English words; but they were all so shy about speaking their own language before foreigners that they talked to each other in whispers, which of course made it very difficult for the missionaries to learn anything about the Fuegian language. When the six months were up Mr Despard took all the Button family back to Woollya on the *Allen Gardiner*."

Little by little grew the work amongst the Fuegian Indians, and especially amongst the children, many of whom are orphans, now under the missionaries' care.

There was one dear little Fuegian girl whom the missionaries named Jessica—bright, loveable, quick, and good both at lessons and work. She, with others, was taught many things, chief of which was the Bible.

One day Jessica was nowhere to be seen. Morning passed away, afternoon came, and then followed the evening, but still Jessica had not come back. Weeks went by, and

feeling sure she had been stolen, they ceased to look out for her.

In the middle of lessons one morning, a pair of arms was flung suddenly round the missionary's neck, and someone was showering her with kisses. It was Jessica.

"Where have you been? Why did you run away from school?" asked the lady looking displeased at Jessica.

Her eyes brimmed over with tears as she answered: "I went to fetch you a present."

"A present!" echoed the teacher.

"Come," said Jessica, taking her hand, and leading her to a wood close by. "There is the present I have brought you," said Jessica; and looking she saw eleven little naked, half-starved children, all bunched together, and looking terrified at the white person.

Having heard the Good News for herself, she loved the Lord Jesus so much that she just longed for other children to hear of Him too. She had journeyed for miles over rough woods

with her bare feet, over dangerous paths, and through streams of water, in order to bring others to the Saviour. What a dear little brown missionary she was! For she is now in the presence of the Lord.

Another little Indian orphan, named Elsie, was being cared for by the Rev. J. and Mrs Williams. Her father had died about seven years previously, and her mother also passed away soon afterwards. Mrs Williams took special charge of this bright little girl, but one day several of Elsie's Indian friends went off on a hunting tour, and took her with them.

Some time afterwards they returned, but without Elsie. What had become of her? Was she lost or dead? Alas, no. Perhaps it would have been far better if she were. "What have you done with Elsie?" And the reply was that the Indians had sold her to a Spaniard!

What was the price he paid for Elsie? Why, just a bag of flour, and a bottle of gin! Months have passed, and still no Elsie. It is feared

that she cannot return if she would. Away from her tribe and from all who love her; sold to a Spaniard who cares not for her; this poor little jewel is living, redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, the slave of a white man, but the child of the living God.

Pray for such, and determine, like the little girl who went to the missionary meeting, that your Saviour's command to "go into all the world" shall be obeyed by you as soon as you are old enough.

CHAPTER VII

CHILIAN CHILDREN

If you look at a map of South America you will find a long, narrow strip of country running north and south alongside of Argentina. Some funny person has described this Republic of Chili as being 2000 miles long and two inches wide! Long and narrow though it is, nevertheless it is very rich in nitrates, so useful for cleansing and enriching the soil. Gold, petroleum, and coal are also to be found there.

Chili is very much like her sister Republics, both morally and spiritually, and especially as regards dirt and disease. Smallpox is rampant both in Santiago and Valparaiso, and people suffering from this dreadful disease are actually to be seen walking about the streets.

The " conventillos," which are here only one

storey high, are killing grounds for children. Eight out of ten children die under two years of age. Dr Speer says: "Alcoholism, dirt, and uncleanness of the houses, and murderous ignorance of the care of children" are at the bottom of this exceedingly high death-rate in Chili. So much for Chilians.

Now a word as to the Araucanian Indians in the interior of that Republic. They are semi-civilized, and a very superior tribe of people. Though nominally under the Government of Chili, they are actually independent of it, and are governed by their own laws. The Araucanians are quite different in appearance, manners, and habits from other Indians. As far as cleanliness goes, they are far in advance of the Chilians themselves.

"They are quite as proud, and as resentful of dishonour as the Red Man of the North, and quite as brave in disposition; and, like the Red Indians, they are open, free and generous, and form strong attachments to those who gain

their confidence, with equally strong hatred towards those who do them wrong. They have coarse, black hair, and large widespread noses.

"The women are among the best looking in the entire country. They do not marry at so early an age as the other Indians, and they do not seem to be ever ill-treated by their husbands. They are fond of their children and respectful to old age.

"The religion of these people is much like that of the Red Indians. They acknowledge a 'Spirit' who is the Author of, and Master over all."

Take your pen and underline three places on the map, viz.: "Temuco, Cholcol, Quepe." There the Mapuche Indians live, and amongst them labour the missionaries of the South American Missionary Society.

"Mapuche" means, "people of the land," and a successful, spiritual work is being carried on especially amongst the children. There are

schools for boys and girls at Quepe, also at Temuco, ten miles away; and at Cholcol, a small Chilian town twenty-one miles from Temuco, there are boarding-schools for boys and girls, day-schools, a dispensary, and a church.

Rev. G. Daunt says: "In the old days they were all clever hunters. They could glide through the forest without making a sound, and could imitate exactly the cries of various birds and beasts. They showed great skill in following up a 'trail,' and could observe the slightest movement of leaf or twig in the pursuit of prey or of an enemy.

"Now, the Mapuche are losing their hunting habits, and are settling down to a peaceable and industrious life, growing corn, and feeding cattle. But in their games they still act as if scenting and following up a trail.

"The Indian boys and girls have to work as well. In the summer, when the crops are ripening, the children are seen in the fields

guarding the sheep, cattle, horses, and pigs, so that these may not enter and destroy the harvest.

"The girls draw water from the wells and streams, and help their mothers to make and mend the clothes they wear. The boys, with their axes, form ploughs, and carts, and with their knives carve toys of wood or cut belts and purses from the skins of animals into strange shapes."

Miss Wetherell gives a very interesting pen-picture of school-life with the Mapuche boys and girls at Quepe :—

"The body of one of our schoolboys was committed to the grave. Poor laddie, he came into the hospital about two years ago with a diseased leg, which the doctor had to remove. His people, finding that he would be unable to help in the farm work, promptly deserted him, so he was kept on at the hospital, and during school time he was out here. He got on very well with his lessons, but he never got

really strong, and eventually he had to return to the hospital, where he died. The following morning we all went across to the little Mapuche Cemetery, and buried him there. It must have seemed very strange to these Mapuche boys and girls, this quiet Christian burial—the simple service, the flowers strewn on the grave, and the hymn sung as the soil was being shovelled in.

"We have one Chilian boarder, a very nice gentle lad, whom we all like very much, and we hope he will one day be a true Christian. He saved the life of an Englishman in Argentina under quite romantic circumstances; and his master, who is in England, wished to leave him where he could be educated and treated kindly —so he is here. At present his thoughts are chiefly occupied with football and his lessons, football of course first.

"One small mite announced to-day that she was going to 'stay with the Señora all the holidays.'

"'But,' said I, 'you would not like to stay here and not go home at all?'

"'Oh, yes, I should,' promptly answered little Fatty; 'school is *much* nicer than being at home.'

"I imagine the little ones do sometimes find this the case, as they do quite a lot of work in their homes. I remember one day teaching in my Scripture class something about a mother's love, and I asked the children: 'Now on cold, frosty mornings, when you are all cosily tucked up in bed, who gets up to light the fire and get the breakfast?'

"Of course I expected them to say in a chorus: 'My mother'; but instead of that the answer came: 'Why, my little brother, of course.'

"Last night, while most of the big ones were out at evening service, the little ones and I had great times hymn-singing. Two or three quite wee mites will sing alone, and it is wonderful how well they sing and how many hymns they know by heart. The brother of

one small person was telling the native teacher that last holidays he built a new house for himself, and invited all his relations to the house-warming, and when the meal was over he said: 'Now someone should sing a song. Who will sing for me?'

"'Fancy' added he, 'my surprise when my little sister, who did not know a word of Spanish a few months ago, stood up before us and sang most sweetly and correctly a hymn that she had learned at school!'

"Sometimes our little Mapuche friends fall sick, and then the small patients are taken to Temuco, placed in the mission-hospital, and nursed and tended by Dr Baynes and his splendid family.

"At evening time, when the light begins to fail, the missionary turns his horse homewards, and as he rides rapidly over the plain, here and there the words of the vesper hymn sung by some Indian boy or girl are wafted to him on the evening air:—

"'Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.'"

There are "other lambs" in Chili who have yet to be sought out and brought in. Some day you may be helping Christ to seek and find them. In the meantime give the Mapuche children a place in your prayers, and tell others about them.

CHAPTER VIII

BOLIVIAN BAIRNS

Bolivia, the Hermit Republic of South America, is hidden away behind the mighty Andes. It is the fourth country in the continent in point of size, and a vast treasure house of silver and tin.

More than half the inhabitants are pure-blooded Indians, degenerate descendants of the valiant Inca race.

The most interesting and useful animal to the Indian is the llama. He will travel for miles without food or drink, over precipitous mountains and rocky paths, carry his 100-lb. load, and not an ounce more ; for if you should happen to impose upon him he simply lies down on the path and refuses to budge an inch. They are splendid "passive resisters," these

llamas," and will have no nonsense from anyone, though, of course, their Indian owners know better than to overburden their llamas with superfluous luggage.

The llama, known as "the Bolivian Railway," can travel fifteen miles a day. When he dies his flesh is eaten, but the Indian loves his animal too well to kill him for food.

"In many places the Indians are ill-treated, deceived, and robbed by the white Spanish-speaking people. They are looked upon as mere brutes, fit for nothing but work, instead of human beings with immortal souls. They sometimes live together in villages, sometimes in isolated, quiet nooks, or it may be in clusters of huts where there are two or three families."

Each Indian has a few patches of ground for himself, and in exchange for this cultivates a few acres of crops for his owner. He also has a certain number of animals to care for, but this is mostly the work of his wife and family.

Little children of from four to five years of age are supposed to be capable of driving a flock, and when a few years older they are away on the hills all day alone with their flocks.

One scarcely sees an Indian, either man or woman, altogether idle. If they have no other occupation, they spin away at wool for the clothing of their families.

Though this is an open and very healthy climate there is much sickness among the people, chiefly because they do not know how to take care of themselves. It is very amusing to see what remedies they use for inward and outward complaints. Dirt, feathers, and anything horrible is the common ointment for sores or wounds. At a little ordinary warm water they laugh. Through the ignorance of their mothers, children, when sick, have a hard time. Some care very much, and would do anything to save their children; but others, rather than have the trouble of watching them, prefer that they should die, as a good many do.

"It is the condition of the little children that calls forth most sympathy and pity, and makes us long for the day when the True Light shall shine into the hearts of the people. The majority, unloved and uncared for, surrounded by dirt and disease, know nothing of the joys of childhood, nor of the blessing of home life.

"Mothers are continually seen carrying their babies, full of disease, about the streets, and, what is worse, sitting in the market-places selling meat and bread with their sick babies in their laps. Passing along one day, a child was seen without a shred of clothing, yet with its little body literally covered with small-pox."

Mr Will Payne, a pioneer missionary of Bolivia, says it is quite a common thing to buy and sell children in this country. He tells of three little girls who were purchased for £2 each, "and are held by their owner until they reach the age of twenty-one, during which

time they are compelled to work in the house, receiving their food and clothing in exchange.

"If they fall into the hands of a kind master or mistress they have an easy, happy time, and in a few cases are taught to read and write. Should they, however, find a cruel owner, there is nothing to prevent their suffering very much like the slaves of other days.

"These children are sold by their parents when young, and sometimes never know their father or mother. How often has blood been seen flowing from the head of one of these girls, the result of a cruel blow with a strap, because she did not move quickly enough."

A very sad story is told by one of the missionaries of the Bolivian Indian Mission, of a little Indian boy. "His left forearm, and half of left leg, are one mass of partially-healed ulcers. He tells us how, over a year ago, he was caught and deliberately thrown into the fire. His father had sold him to a neighbour, and one day, whilst shepherding, he allowed some

goats to fall over a cliff: then his owner, in a fit of rage committed this inhuman act.

"After a year of intense suffering, he was brought by his apathetic father for treatment. But perhaps we ought not to blame the father too much, as he is totally blind. However, the man who burned the boy was compelled to pay the father a sum of 28s., and to release the boy. After this the boy's father sold him again, but the boy escaped, and is now under treatment."

Such incidents happen daily, showing how inhuman and ignorant the majority of the Indians are. The Roman Catholic religion has not converted their hearts, the only change that has taken place has been that of the religion and the idols. The hearts and lives that were dark before, without the knowledge of Christ, have been plunged into deeper gloom through the blighting influence of the Roman priesthood.

Some of the Romish masses celebrated by

the people are called the " Little Masses for the Child Jesus." These take place from Christmas to the time of Carnival. Everybody who has an image of Christ as a child is supposed to provide a feast during this time. A band of music is procured, and the little image is decked out with pearls and gay flowers, and carried to the Roman Catholic church, in front of a crowd of neighbours. A mass is said, and then the figure is taken home amid great rejoicing. Drinking, feasting, and dancing follow, and are kept up until a late hour.

On January 31st and February 1st the people prepare for Candlemas, which takes place on the 2nd. They are taught by the priest that on this day the children who have died without baptism can get a little light. It is the feast of the mothers, and the priests tell the people how necessary it is to come to church with their candles.

" Do not be like so many pieces of stick; come and bring your candles, and think of

your poor dead children awaiting your candles to get some light ! "

" So the next day the poor mothers come with their candles of all sorts and sizes. Long candles, short candles, thin candles, thick candles. What a mine of wealth for the priests the sale of this holy (!) grease must be !

" May God light the candle of each life in order that some day someone who reads this may be able to show the Bolivian Bairns the way to Heaven. Only the light that Christ gives is of any service to Him, and to those who ' sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.' "

The Bolivian Indians do not have many children, as the poor mites, through neglect and ill-treatment, die in hundreds every year, most of them under two years of age.

Another reason why Indians have such small families is that when the children grow up to be twelve or thirteen years of age they marry and have homes of their own.

Mr and Mrs Will Payne did some splendid pioneer work amongst these people before the liberty of preaching the Gospel was proclaimed in the Republic. They suffered much persecution at the hands of the Roman Catholics, but now missionary work can go forward without hindrance, and to-day the South American Missionary Society is at work in Southern Bolivia, while the Bolivian Indian Mission is ministering to the Quechua-speaking remnant of the bygone Inca race.

In writing of the children, one of the missionaries in San Pedro says of the school work :—

" The school is open to all, and boys and girls of the white and half-caste classes attend. (The Indians do not live in the town.) The school opens every morning with the singing of a hymn, a Scripture lesson and prayer, in all of which great interest is taken. Mother earth constitutes the floor. The walls are of mud, and the ceiling is of a rough thatching of rushes. For years the room served as a

cook-house, and knew neither chimney nor window, nor any other means of exit for the smoke.

"Nowadays two large holes in the wall, one shuttered, the other not, admit light which reveals a blackness that water cannot cleanse. Two or three geography maps gravely endeavour to hide the sooty walls, and, aided by three mud seats that traverse the room, humbly anounce that this is Ch'iquipampa School-house."

Outside, mounted upon a pole which stands in the centre of the "estancia" courtyard, is the school bell. For nearly a century it hung in the belfry of a Roman Catholic chapel away out among the Bolivian mountains. But it, too, has felt the impulse of modernism, and now follows a reformed calling.

The sun is the only time-keeper known in the "campo." The only definite hours are those of his rising and setting; therefore the bell sounds the assemble at sunrise, and soon

two or three groups of children, enveloped in gay-coloured and picturesque ponchos, are seen leisurely sauntering to obey the summons —perhaps. In they come at the open door, doffing their " sombreros " (hats) respectfully enough, with a " Buenas dias, Señor ! " (" Good day, Sir ").

Now we have before us seven or eight black heads, whose owners range in age from five to fifteen years. · There are really as many grades as there are individuals.

Modestly. seated farthest back is Haquin, a bright Indian lad. He came to school early, and has already been a full half-hour hard at his reading-book, for he must soon leave in order to take his father's cattle afield to pasture. Three months ago, he did not know a single letter. Now he reads and writes fairly large words.

Now slates, books, and pencils are served out, and for three long hours our young Bolivians are under restaint. Lazy little

Antonio raises his slate high in air with both hands and yawns audibly. A tap on the big, black head, and a quiet word, recall him to his task. During a full half-hour he has written only one word, but Government forbids the rod.

The time has arrived for reading-lessons, and a whisper of appreciation is heard, for reading from the "Spanish Reader" involves a lesson in Spanish; and Indian and "Cholo" (half-caste) alike learn eagerly and quickly the tongue of the ruling class. Confronted by Bolivia's map, a barely suppressed giggle ripples through the school. They think the names of towns, rivers, and mountains are so foreign and funny!

Arithmetic is useful, however, and all work diligently at this. Little Manuel is the pride and joy of the school in this department. Three months previously he could not write a single figure. Now, he adds and subtracts and multiplies with great exactness.

Now, at the words, "Slates down," these articles reach the hard floor with a rattle. Little Nieva draws her naked feet up on to the seat, and arranges her "manta" with the air of a Turkish princess. Word goes round, "The Jesus Book"; and a respectful silence prevails. Thank God, for these wonderful stories of the Saviour. The children's verdict is: "Beautiful." Thanks to Him for at least this small portion of the Gospel of St John translated into Quechua.

Now comes time for dismissal — with a respectful "Hasta mañana, Señor!" ("Until to-morrow, Sir!"), or the Quechua "Ce'aya cama," they file out, soon to break forth into whistle and shout, just like the little folks in the homeland.

Our head is somewhat muddled with this two-language task of teaching Quechua-speaking children from Spanish text-books. Some attend for a week or two, and then come no more. The parents desire that they should

be educated, but confess to being powerless to persuade the young folks to attend.

Mr Grocott, of the Bolivian Indian Mission, having given such an interesting account of the day-school work, Mrs Grocott now tells about the Sunday-school. She says :—

"Could you visit our little school-room some Sunday morning, between seven and eight o'clock, you would find a little gathering of from twelve to twenty-five men, women, and children, representing the whites, the half-castes, and the pure Indians. These are gathered to learn about Jesus. They do not come because it is God's Day, for Sunday to them is as other days. No, they come because they like to come.

"They have dirty faces, uncombed hair, and clothing which has not been washed for many weeks. Not an attractive audience, is it? But a missionary may not be critical. She has come to teach them to do better, and one must always begin at the beginning.

"The day-school children come to these meetings, as do some of the parents. The Indians are rather shy at entering, and often prefer listening at the window. Those who do come in look round for an out-of-the-way corner, and, despising a seat, squat on the floor. One day a young Indian came in and immediately knelt down bareheaded before the blackboard, in an attitude of prayer.

"At the time of his entering, the attention of those present was centred upon the words written on the blackboard, and he evidently thought of worship. Being accustomed to kneel in the Roman Catholic church before shrines and images, he was quite prepared to kneel to anything that appeared to him to be the object of worship for the day.

"Very few Indians can sing, but some of the half-castes do fairly well. Several hymns have already been translated into Quechua."

Christ's command to "heal the sick," as well as to "teach" and "preach the Gospel," is being faithfully carried out as far as possible by the missionaries to these benighted people. The healing of the body opens the door to the healing of the soul.

A Spanish doctor will not touch an Indian; and for this great work of healing, the power of God is needed.

There are very many villages in this hermit republic without a missionary of any kind whatever. Come with me, and see for yourselves. Here on a mud bed in a corner sits a poor woman amidst her rags. A wound which she has had a long, long time has reduced her to a skeleton. Beside her is a sickly-looking baby. Between her sobs she tells us she has neither a home nor a husband.

The tiny room, which serves as a living-room, bedroom, and cobbler's shop, is full from floor to ceiling. The floor is covered with

cooking-pots, ten altogether, "stones for grinding corn into meal, great earthenware pots for making chicha (the native drink), old boots, piles of potatoes and maize, bones, rags, and dirt—plenty of dirt. From under the bed run guinea-pigs, whilst keeping the woman company in bed are a dog and a pigeon!

"Amidst old tins and bottles on the shelves we see San Antonio and the Virgin. On the wall hangs a picture of what looks something like a woman, the Virgin. A rope full of clothes stretches across the room, and a few other odds and ends leave but little space, which is filled up with smell."

This is what the missionary has to contend with, and as we emerge into the sunshine, and breathe God's air once more, we long to see a large, airy building where the sick ones can be tended and nursed back to health. Shall we not begin to pray: "Lord send out

some of Thy messengers, and some day, if it is Thy will, I will go and help them."

Coming, coming, yes they are,
Coming, coming from afar;
From beyond the Andine mountains,
  From Bolivia's mighty plains,
As they hear the Gospel story,
  And are loosed from Satan's chains.

CHAPTER IX

PEARLS OF PERU

Last, but not least, we come to the most historical and romantic Republic of the whole continent, Peru. This country was discovered by an adventurer named Pizarro. He was a zealous Roman Catholic, but his spirit of greediness over-balanced his religion, and the story of his conquest of the Inca Indians of Peru, as related by Prescott, is one of the darkest in history.

Before the invasion of Pizarro and his fellow-countrymen, over four hundred years ago, there lived a very highly-civilized race of Indians who called themselves the "Children of the Sun." They were a most enlightened and industrious people, having their own king, as well as their own laws and religion.

Since the days of Pizarro and his followers everything has changed. The king was slain with hundreds of his loyal subjects, and the Spaniards took possession of the land. There you will see the Indians to-day, living in spiritual darkness and superstition, scarcely able to call their souls their own, a crushed and conquered remnant of a once splendid race; and to-day "the children's souls which God is calling sunward, spin on blindly in the dark."

On the lonely mountain side we will find them, tiny mites of three and four years of age, tending the sheep, and often very scantily protected from the severe and biting winds. But the mountain children have an easy time of it compared to the children of the city, for slavery and starvation are the common lot of these little ones.

We will visit Cuzco, the romantic and religious city of the Inca race; but we must not forget to sprinkle our handkerchiefs with

perfume, for we have now got back to the hot climate, and the streets we are walking through are long and narrow and have an open drain running down the centre, a common thing in these cities. But if we would be missionaries some day, we must not mind the smells now, especially as we want to become acquainted with some of the "Pearls of Peru."

For a minute or two we pause and watch the children, who seem to swarm everywhere. Some are playing at the nasty drain; no wonder these little ones droop and die, for there is no friendly policeman to warn them that this is a death trap!

Where do they all come from? Does no one look after them? For they are everywhere, in the road, on doorsteps, in the shops, round the booths in the market-place, under the shadow of the Roman Catholic Cathedral; scores of them, playing, sleeping, picking up scraps and eating them, uncared for, and untaught.

See! Who is this coming down the cobbly street, with a big, fat baby on his back? Only an Indian boy, and not very much bigger than his baby mistress. What a sad face he has; it does not attract us, for there is a shade of bitterness about the mouth. His is a hard life—driven to and fro by the whim of the baby's mother; no thanks and no pay; only beatings if he does not please her. An Indian slave! You look surprised! But this is quite a common thing in Peru and other parts of this continent.

"Only an Indian slave!
A prey to his mistress's whim,
Beaten, battered, and starved,
What does she care for him?

'A soul, did you say, he possessed?'
She laughs: 'Why, he's worse than a dog!
I purchased him, body and soul,
To scold, and to starve, and to flog.'

Only an Indian slave!
He may be in their esteem,

INDIAN SLAVE AND HIS BABY MISTRESS

But his soul, with the price of blood,
Christ Jesus came down to redeem."

May the children of God go forth to proclaim
The loosening power of His wonderful Name.

In her fascinating book on "Peru," Miss Geraldine Guinness says: "In Arequipa there are three thousand of these little Indian slaves, four-fifths of whom are cruelly treated, while the good treatment of the remaining one-fifth, with rare exceptions, consists in the fact of their not being brutally beaten, and not suffering much hunger.

"I have heard the screams of child-servants not more than seven years old, who were daily beaten by a bad-tempered mistress. I have seen children ill and dying, for whom no one cared. I know a little girl of seven, who, a few months ago, saw her mother's dead body taken away to the cemetery. Since that day she has minded the shop all alone, and kept house for her father, who only comes home at

nights, and who is often away for weeks at a time."

Some years ago, when the maize crop failed, and there was a terrible famine in the land, starvation stared the Indian mothers in the face. What were they to do under such circumstances? They could not feed their little ones, so the children were brought to the cities in thousands, and sold for a few shillings or given away, to save the mothers and other little ones in the mountain huts from starvation and death. To-day it is not an uncommon thing to be accosted in the street by an Indian woman, and to be asked to purchase her little girl or boy for a few coins.

The only British Missionary Society working in this vast republic of Peru is the Evangelical Union of South America. Try and realize it; a country half the size of China, and only a handful of missionaries to proclaim the Gospel to these people. Take your pen and underline "Lima, Cuzco, Huanuco, Arequipa, and

Urco" (twenty-four miles out of Cuzco), and you have the only centres of British missionary enterprise at the present time. Let us visit these mission-stations and see for ourselves what is being done for the children.

Of all the cities in Peru, Lima is the most cosmopolitan. Visiting one part of the town on the outskirts one might almost fancy we were in China; at another spot everything is entirely negro, and some other part appears to be under Turkish supervision. Here we jostle against Peruvian priests, who do not attract us, American, English, and Italian merchants, and people from almost every land under the sun. What a medley!

"The houses in Lima have no chimneys, they are one storey high, and what windows there are facing into the street are barred, making the houses look like prisons. The poorer parts of Lima consist largely of 'conventillos' similar to these in Argentina. They are often large, sunny, open court-

yards, and sometimes narrow alleys, always entered by doors in the walls of the main streets, and surrounded by cell-like rooms.

"Every aspect of life may be seen in the central yard. There the dinner is cooked, the baby bathed, the clothes washed, and the Virgin worshipped. At every step one comes upon a child, and all appear equally contented and uncared for.

"Lima is in the centre of a region, not only free from rain, but where earthquakes frequently occur, so that mud, cane, and plaster are used for house-building purposes instead of stone.

"Although it never rains in Lima, yet during the dry season, Peru's winter—June to September—the capital is enveloped in mist, which is exceedingly disagreeable. For days and weeks the sun is invisible, and a drizzle, not unlike a Scotch mist, makes the side-walks slippery, and so permeates the air that the sheets on one's bed are chill and sticky."

Lima is the city where the Society's printing-press is at work. Month by month, the little silent messenger of the Gospel, *El Heraldo*, is sent forth by post throughout Peru; and as postage is quite free, you will see that every postman is thus a "colporteur." Many other things besides are printed, but *El Heraldo* is the foremost message proclaiming "pardon, peace, and power to hundreds whom the voice of the preacher cannot reach."

Once more we find ourselves in Cuzco. Here several ladies of the E.U.S.A. are to be seen at work. Miss Elder, Miss Pinn, Miss Found, and Miss Trumper, are doing splendid service.

Miss Elder reports that "many of the mothers, having gained confidence in us, come again for advice and medicine for themselves and their children." Speaking of a case she visited, she says: "I had prepared a nice basin of warm water, and was just ready to put 'baby' in for his first bath, when two women

rushed up, one on either side. Baby's bath was, to their way of thinking, not yet complete. One poured in alcohol, and the other a large cupful of greasy soup.

"On asking the reason of this, I was told it was to make baby strong! So, with a smile and the remark that I had not heard of the custom, I proceeded with my work. This took place in the house of one of the upper-class people.

"But I want to give you a peep into some of the poorer 'homes.' We were conducted to a little shop where our patient lay on sheep-skins. Baby's wardrobe consisted only of a strawberry-coloured knitted vest and a bonnet of royal blue! On another occasion, to reach my patient I passed through two courtyards, and stepped down into a dark room.

"There was no window. The light entered only through the doorway, and the round hole in the wall through which the smoke was expected to escape. The floor was alive with guinea-pigs running to and fro. A few

fowls were roosting in one corner, on sticks placed there for the purpose, while a mother hen sheltered her brood of healthy chicks in another. This patient had a bedstead, but it was composed of rough irregular boards placed together like a raft.

"In addition to the work in Cuzco we have to hold ourselves ready for outside calls. I was summoned one day to Urco Farm, because of an accident to Domingo, a little Chuncho Indian boy from the forests. I left Cuzco at ten at night, on horseback.

"Darkness and the roughness of the road hindered our progress, but we arrived early in the morning. The boy had fallen from his horse, cutting his face badly, while one eye was completely lost. We gave him chloroform and put in five stitches, and the little chap soon got well again.

"Urco Farm is about five hundred miles from the coast. For the first one hundred miles it is desert, and the rest of the way

beautiful valleys. The climate is grand. The farm is so large that it would take many days to see over it all. There is abundance of fruit, with large quantities of vegetables such as we have here at home. There are horses for riding, oxen for work, and mules, donkeys and llamas for carrying goods. There are cattle for meat, and sheep also; for milk and butter there are goats."

There are no roads here, but just mountain trails. Everything is carried on llamas and mules, while you would ride on a horse.

There are over two hundred Indians on the farm, and the Mission is hoping to establish an Orphanage here, like the one at Sao Paulo in Brazil, only much larger. Mr Ganton says :—

"Down this valley to the Amazon, and thence to the Atlantic, over three thousand miles, we know of no missionary! Within our reach are possibly ten tribes of Indians untouched even by Romanism. In our own

valley there are probably forty thousand people.

"We have some fine boys, and the Indians are very interesting. Mrs Stockwell is glad to have her little school. The boys are quite apt at learning texts. Almost any night we can hear them spelling out passages from the New Testament by candle-light in their little rooms.

"Our farm work is very interesting, also our people. One soon learns to have a real love for them. It is hard for the Indian to understand why anyone should treat him kindly without a selfish motive."

For the school work the Indian children are gathered together in the evenings and taught. They attend willingly and gladly. "The scholars are all ages and sizes, from the ragged little Indian of six upwards. There are some very promising children in the school, and we hope that some day they will become messengers of the Gospel to their own people

in the remote villages. Every day we see more the need of the Orphanage, where the children will be under our direct influence. We have four already living in the house, and what a difference we see compared to those outside!

"Mrs Stockwell is just in her glory with the children, and is completely devoted to her school. She is at work from early morning until bedtime, and always making clothing for the children.

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This school work amongst the native children of Lima has been laid upon the workers of the Evangelical Union of South America as a sacred burden. It is their privilege—not only in Peru but in the other Republics in which they work—to lift the child out of its ignorance, and to teach it to know Christ the Friend of little children, to know the world and all that pertains to it, and to know its own heart.

We will not proceed any further in our wanderings, for in Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, and Panama the same sad condition of things prevails.

We have heard, not unmoved I trust, the wail of the Indian children in the forests of Peru and Brazil, and have seen them in the Amazon valley. We have watched them with

painful interest and concern in the streets of the various cities, children of all colours and nationalities, and yet all of one blood with us, who call for our sympathies, our prayers, our gifts, and above all, our love. They call to us out of their deep need from the Land of Opportunity.

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